

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VI.—No. 286.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]



W.F. Thomas

THE TWO STRONGEST MEN ON EARTH!

"In spite of the McDougall, a most unique entertainment took place at the Royal Aquarium last week. Poor Papa, who had been meandering round the Sloper Exhibition, bet Samson a pint of whelks that he couldn't break his umbrella with one blow. Samson said he should be happy to lay a quart against Papa's humble pint that he would. Uncle Boffin kindly, though thoughtlessly, acted as Umpire, and, like the gentleman in London Day by Day, was hit very hard 'under the Piazza,' and Papa, getting in the way at the critical moment, took a more prominent part in the performance than he had intended."—TOOTSIE.

PUFFINS' ADVENTURE AT THE BAL MASQUE.



1. "My enjoyment is spoilt, as you're too ill to come," said Puffins. "Good Cupid costume, this, isn't it?" She didn't think so, but refrained from saying that it looked more like a bathing garment.



2. Deceitful Puffins! he speedily becomes enamoured of a lady with whom he has been dancing. "Fair one," he says, "I, who never loved before, am now pierced to the heart by one of my own arrows."



3. "I'm sorry to hear you say that you have never loved before," said Mrs. Puffins, as she unmasked, and then—but let us, dear reader, draw a veil over the sad domestic tragedy which followed.

THE EASY DEATH.

"HANGING being an easy death," writes our old friend Captain Alexander Smith, in 1719, "or, as the thieves themselves call it, 'Half an hour's pastime,' they no more dread the gallows than they do the perpetrating a murder to screen their villainy from the knowledge of justice." And the Captain goes on to say that "as exquisite pains and torment" had been abolished, which fact he appears to regret, he proposes, besides burning in the hand and whipping at the cart's tail, that housebreakers, footpads, shoplifters, and pickpockets should "be sent, during life, to dig and delve in the lead mines of Cornwall, or the coal-pits at Newcastle, which perpetual labour they would count worse than hanging."

If, however, in other cases hanging has been found to be an easy death, that of Robert Johnson, convicted of burglary, and executed in the Lawn Market, in Edinburgh, on December 30th, 1818, cannot be included. This wretched man having taken his place upon the drop, it was found that, when lowered, his toes still touched it, so that he remained half suspended and struggling in the most frightful manner. A cry of "Murder!" raised by someone in the crowd, was supposed to come from the convict himself, and, amidst yells of rage, a shower of stones, gathered from the road, drove the magistrates and police from the scaffold, and the prisoner was cut down and unpinioned. A furious riot ensued, and the coffin prepared for Johnson was torn

to pieces; but the police eventually retook the half-hanged man, whom they "dragged, trailing along the ground, for twenty paces, into the office, where he remained upwards of half an hour, while he was attended by a surgeon, who bled him in both arms and in the temporal vein, by which suspended animation was restored, but the unfortunate wretch did not utter a word."

Why he should have been thus brought back to consciousness to suffer further torture seems inconceivable, but the military having arrived on the spot, poor Johnson's execution proceeded. He was almost naked, and while his rags were being adjusted, he was left vibrating, upheld partly by the rope about his neck, and partly by his feet resting on a table placed for him instead of the drop. At last the table was removed, when, to the indescribable horror of all, he was found to have been suspended with his face uncovered, and with one hand unfastened, its fingers convulsively twisting in the noose.

Cries of horror arose on all sides. A chair was brought, and the executioner, having mounted upon it, disengaged by force the dying man's hand from the rope, but still left the face, convulsed with the tortures of suffocation, exposed to view. At length, amidst cries of "Murder!" and "Shame!" a cloth was flung over the dreadful sight, and the victim continued to struggle violently; but, says an account, written at the time, "His sufferings were at an end in a FEW MINUTES!"

"Billiam," murmured Alexandry, "supposing there had been another chap in the crowd just exact like to Johnson, and in the riot and the rumpus the soldiers had taken and hanged that other chappie!"

"All the better for Johnson," said Billiam the Blood-Begored; "but such a thing couldn't happen."

"That," the Babeler continued, murmuring, "shows the ass you must be. Once a negro in the West Indies was condemned to be blown from the mouth of a gun; but, as they were taking him to be blown, he slipped out of their hands and escaped. Suddenly someone called out that he was on the top of a chimney, so they pulled the chap on the chimney down, and were just going to blow him, when someone else called out that they had got the wrong man, so he was let off, and the real one brought back and blown proper."

(Next week, "The Robber Priest.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

.* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose stamps for that purpose.

A. G. WASHINGTON.—Do not send in any more of your MSS.; they are quite illegible, thanks.—MIT (Donnington).—£500 Price.—By the first paragraph, we mean it to include the lines headed "A Mutual Advantage," this being all on the subject.—MISS A. WILLIAMS.—You had better send in advertisement again, my dear. It will appear in due course.—A. D. M. C.—Sorry we cannot oblige you.—EMILY (Woolwich).—They should arrive here in time, but it would be as well to send them earlier if you could.—G. SMITH (Farnboro').—The two copies you speak of are still in print, and will be sent, post-free, on receipt of 3d.—JACK-IN-BOX (Plaistow).—Send in regularly, old chap; bound to get a Watch in time.—IRELAND IN WALES.—Thanks, very much; is put in our collection.—B. BRAY.—The method you speak of is quite in unison with our rules.—MAGGIE DUGMORE (Seath).—The "Tootsie Gavotte" will be sent on receipt of three stamps, post-free.—GILES GREENSWOOD (Arundel).—Thanks for your advice; have now engaged nurse.—FRED KILBORN (Douglas).—By Tuesday morning's post.—GOSPEL TRUTH (Taunton).—Have no room for your incident; thanks.—JOHN PURVIS.—Thanks for tracts; have passed round our Staff.—H. LOVENDAH (Paris).—Thanks for Post-card and congratulations.—H. CONGARD.—Thanks for prose, but of no use to us.—HARRIS & SONS (Camberwell).—ALLY begs to tender you his best thanks for the bottle of "Nun Nicer" Sauce you so kindly sent him. It is surprising how he now eats! There is none nicer.—GARSTONIAN.—Thanks for cutting. ALLY always prides himself on having the biggest nose in creation, but, since your letter, he knows he is "out of it," as you say.—EMILY PAYNE, A. H. (Old Basford), AND OTHERS.—Watches will be awarded to you all in time. Please remember we only give Twenty each week.—A. W. H.—Thanks for suggestion; will bear it in mind.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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"WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?"

Address all Letters to—

SIR WILFRID LAWSON,
"THE BLUE RIBBONERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

.* The List will close this day, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19TH, 1889.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

SLOPER gave a dinner the other day, and during the banquet the step girl, who had been promoted to wait at table, carried some soup down to the kitchen, where the charwoman divided her attention between cooking and gin and cloves, exclaimed, "Missis says as 'ow this 'ere soup is cold, and I was to tell yer to 'eat it and then bring it up agin.'"

Mr. Clumberbump. See that case in the paper where a tender was thrown off the line, and a train full of passengers nearly upset!

Mrs. Clumberbump. Yes, Mr. C., I prefused the account you mention, where it says as how the cuplines gave way, and I thinks as how them railway detectors ought to be punished for allowin' tender cuplines to be used at all. It's a false a comedy; that's what it is.

A MASHER came to SLOPER the other day for advice upon a rather delicate subject, and ALLY came to the front, like the man that he is. "My dear sir," he commenced, "you ask me how you ought to propose to the woman whom you are desirous of making your wife. Now, take my advice, young man, and adopt the old fashioned way of doing it. Fall gracefully upon one knee, gently and respectfully take her hand, and, in a voice full of expression, murmur—"Stay a minute, old man," interrupted the other, in a puzzled voice. "How the dooce can I do that, when the gal's sitting on my lap, don'tcherknow?"



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 286.—The "Anti School Strike" Costume.



Lady (who has been fidgeting all the while in the shop). Is these 'ere blowers fresh?
Exasperated Proprietor. No! they ain't!—they're salt!

"What do you think of my costume?" "Oh! it's just the thing—I wanted something to amuse my guests."



RATHER AN UNNATURAL BIRD.

Customer. Waiter, this menu reads, "Half a roast duck, 2s." Now, I don't wish to impute any dishonesty to the proprietors of this establishment, or to cast a slight upon the memory of the dead, but I must say that, if the portion of duck that I had was half a bird, then both its legs must have grown upon the same side, and whoever was served with the other half got them both.



A GREAT DRAW.

"Well I remember when I first drew this glittering blade!" said Snogs; but when he explained that he drew it in a raffie, only then did the spirit of romance take wing.



She. Now, John, I want you to promise me before you go that you won't kill any more high game; and, by-the-by, if I were you, I should tell the poulterer to be careful to send in his bill to you marked 'Strictly Private.' Good-bye, love, and a pleasant day's sport."

It was at a small hotel at Brighton, which shall be nameless, for the sake of all parties concerned, and a somewhat dissipated looking individual had just applied for his "usual rooms." "Well, sir, to tell you the truth," replied the landlord, "you didn't settle your account when you stayed here before, and I should like to have a little money." "Oh, what d—d nonsense!" exclaimed the would-be guest. "You'll get your money some day. Besides, I am going to put up with you." "That's all right, sir, as far as it goes," answered Boniface; "but I'm not going to put up with you any longer, till I see the colour of your money."

ONCE I was a gentleman, and lived at home at ease, But now I am a prisoner and under locks and keys. To pay my debts unhappily I could not afford, So now I am a prisoner in Wandsworth Debtors' Ward.

Once I slept on feather beds, with servants at my call, And ne'er had cause to worry 'bout anything at all; Now I am a prisoner and sleep upon a board, And live on bread and skilly in Wandsworth Debtors' Ward.

Once people always called me sir, whenever they chanced to speak, Now respect or kindness is as rare to me as Greek. For to waste their precious breath, the warders can't afford, And I'm spoke to like a dog in Wandsworth Debtors' Ward.

"No man," said ALLY, sadly, "is a prophet in his own country." "No, you old fly slided-headed impostor," answered McGooseley, sweetly, "you ain't no prophet to anybody. You're a dead loss of half a quid to every cove you come across, always provided you can get it out of him."

SCENE—At Dinner. First Day of Honeymoon.

He. Have you everything you require, my dear?
She. I think I should like to have some catsup, dear.
He. Would you? I can't bear 'em—nasty scratching things, especially at meal-times. I thought you didn't like them, either—at least, you always told me so; but, there, that's just like you women. [And it was not until the walnuts came in that he would understand what she meant, and kiss and be friends.]

"THE man who is too proud to eat tripe and onions with a steel fork, and who would scorn to leave his waistcoat at the 'leaving shop' to find a last twopenn'orth, may one day be content if he chances to have half a bloater to split with a starving wife, and a shirt to dry himself with as he does his morning wash at the pump in the 'Blue Pig' yard."—McGooseley, Philosopher to the Family.

Friend (who has been present at a little scene between Mr. and Mrs. Penhecker). I can't understand you allowing her to carry on like that. Do you never have your own way?

Penhecker (gloomily). Only when I have it on an automatic machine at the station, and pay a penny for it.

"WHAT!" shrieked the Pirate King; "mine at last! You are my prisoner! Nay, struggle not—you are in my power! Be mine, and with thine own free will, or shudder at the fate which waits you!" She stood aside. Tearing her line of beauty developer from her lovely form, she hurled it in the ruffian's face. Tearing the broad busk from the patient swanbill, she caught him such a cropper on the twopenny that—(To be continued in our next.)

OF the truth of this story you need have no fear.

It happened at cricket, 'way down in the south;

A ball hit a young player right under the ear,

And next moment the bowl came out of his mouth.

At last the good old "improving" bird-cage is said to be going out of fashion. Rat-traps can now be had at three-halfpence the simple dozen. Prisons for canary birds at twopence a piece. And there will be enough spare wire left in the country to build a London Eiffel Tower in Leicester Square for something quite under £500. It's certainly an ill wind that blows nobody good.

"CHINA," declared Sir Oracle, "is being ruined, my dear sir, by its fiscal policy. What they require is a Corn law." "Yes, so I should think, judging by the size of their women's feet," observed Funniman.

Mrs. Brown (to Lawyer Snipe). I understand, Mr. Snipe, that you have been making unfavourable remarks respecting my son, who was a clerk in your office.

Lawyer Snipe. Well, madam, to tell you the truth, I have not a very good opinion of him.

Mrs. Brown (sniffing contemptuously). Good opinion, indeed! Why, your best opinion only costs six and eightpence.

Two fellows were lately driving through a pretty part of Surrey, and, passing a public-house, they noticed the brewers' names being painted on the fascia—THUNDER & LITTLE. "Looks as though we were going to have a storm," observed one. "Yes," was the reply; "there's thunder in the air." On returning in the evening, the names had been completed, and read, THUNDER & LITTLE. "They had no lightning here, after all," remarked the one who had spoken before. "They had a little," answered his friend.

"I PITY her, poor thing!" observed Mrs. Tattle, "but, as for him, he's an abandoned wretch. This is the second time he's gone away and left her." "Then she's an abandoned woman," said Mr. T. "Certainly not!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle; "as good a soul as ever drew breath—" "What else can you call her if he's gone away and left her?" [Left thinking it out.]

ALLY SLOPER'S RECIPE FOR A GOOD DINNER.

SILENT waiters and talking guests,
With sparkling lights and wine and jests;
Plenty to drink, plenty to eat,
The best of wines, the primest meat.
The plates all hot, the champagne cold,
The butter new, the Stilton old;
Digestion good and conscience clear,
You'll like your dinner, never fear.

Buffer. Don't you think, my dear sir, that it would be a great improvement if we were to have triennial Parliaments?

Cuffer. Well, it is a matter of taste, I suppose, but I never cared for short Commons myself.

"TALK about fleas," said Ananias; "you should have been down at the seaside with us; the house fairly swarmed with them, and I never saw such large ones in my life! The first night we were down there, Mrs. A. went upstairs to bed, and left me to smoke a cigar. All at once she called out for help, and when I got up she cried out, 'Oh, my dear, there's a nasty blackbeetle on the pillow!' so I went to pick it up with the tongs, and, when I got hold of it, what do you think? It was a flea, my boy; fact, I can assure you."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is an oil painting by JOHN CHARLTON, measuring 50 in. x 40 in., in a handsome gold frame, and entitled,

"AT BAY."

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before December 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

.* This Picture is on View every Friday afternoon between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.

TOOTSIE AT THE STRAND.

YES, dears, we have been to see *Our Flat*. Indeed, we have had quite a week of it one way and another. To begin with, Tottie Goodenough and yours sincerely ran down to Brighton for a couple of days by ourselves, and had good fun, visiting several places, including the Alhambra, a most comfortable place, and I was delighted with Belle Black, and laughed like anything at *The Drudge*, in which Fred Williams and troupe play with great spirit. The lady, by the way, who plays the page, wears the nummiest of well fitting liveries.



Margery Sylvester: MAY WHITTY.



Reginald Sylvester: CHARLES S. FAWCETT.

Coming back to town, we did the Royal, in High Holborn, where we saw the Finney Fair One, the Heroine of London Bridge and Championess of the Untamed Tank. Likewise, Adrienne Ancion, the French-American Balanest, the Bilton Sisters, Slinker, the dog, and a young lady of the name of Lind, who made a successful debut, and possesses a most charming voice. And Tom Carlton casually told me I grew younger every day, so that, instead of being only eighteen, as usual, I shall presently be less than seven.

Lastly, we have been to the Strand, as I began by saying, and thoroughly well enjoyed *Our Flat*. *Our Flat* has been, and is, I am told, a big go, and if so, I don't wonder at it. It resembles *The Private Secretary*, in so far that, is unconventional. It appeals strongly to the would-be upper middle classes, and particularly to young couples beginning housekeeping. So many are it, you know, everlastingly, and so many are going in for the Hire System, and so many find it anything but easy to keep up those awful instalments. Poor Pa, who accompanied us, and wept like a child at the back of the box, said it reminded him of homes that had been, and bills of sale, and brokers' head.



Clarence Vane: FORBES DAWSON.



Lucy McCullum: GEORGIE ESMOND.

A flat is something like something in one of the Peabody buildings, only more genteel, and you have to have the coals in more than a quarter hundred at a time to avoid remark. The gentleman flat has a porter attached thereto, whom the impecunious will do well to conciliate, whilst there can be little doubt but that the less the lodgers in a "Mansion" of Flats know of one another the less fibs require telling.

The plot of the play is very simple. Two stupid young people, imagining that they deeply love, go and get married, annoy and insult their relations, get goods on tick, and very soon finding little but holes at the bottoms of their pockets, sit down and try to earn money enough at literature to pay off liabilities. One, the male bird, proposes perpetrating shilling shockers; whilst the hen hatches a farcical comedy. Before either shocker or play has been accepted the iredful 'irelings of the 'ire system fiend seize the goods. Away and away go the chairs and tables, etcetera, etcetera. The wretched flat is bleak and bare. It could hardly have been done quicker in real life. Happily, however, the female literary aspirant possesses a girl of all work of great resources. The same donning missus's tea-gown, after with missus's aid supplying the place of the *non est* furniture by egg chests, flour barrels, hip baths, and "empties," generally, and elaborately draping them with cretonnes, once procured for ready money at the stores, receives a theatrical manager, and sells the fare, com. for £200.

That manager is immense. He isn't a caricature of Henry Irving or even Gus, because—Anyhow, he's very funny, and you must be sure to go to the Strand as soon as ever you can. Willie Edouin, who plays the manager, evidently revels in the part, and Annie Goward is capital: as are also May Whitty, Georgie Esmond, Charles Fawcett, and Forbes Dawson.

There is nothing in the world, I believe, people so like to laugh at as shabby gentility, and its desperate struggles to tide over the bad time, hide the temporary rags and tatters, and make believe to be all it isn't, and the best besides. Never having known poverty, I laugh with the rest. But what makes Poor Pa still continue weeping. Lord Bob says he took three times his share of the wine at dinner, and suggests that, perhaps, Poor Papa "feels bad."



Annie Goward: BELL.



Nathaniel Glover: WILLIE EDOUIN.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchaser of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," October 19th, 1889.

Name
Address
Age
Occupation, if any
How many times applied
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday"

The List for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, October 23rd, 1889. The Result of the Competition of October 12th, 1889, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for October 26th, 1889.

167th WEEK.

RESULT OF OCTOBER 5th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. GEORGE YEOMANS, Critic and Correspondent, "The Stage," 51 Springville, Clifton Hill, New Cross. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
2. JOHN S. KELLOCK, 49 Ordnance Road, Canning Town. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—5 years, 5 months. LONDON.
3. W. LENIHAN, Wool Porter, 10 Frederick Place, Marine Street, Bermondsey. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—5 years, 4 months. LONDON.
4. ELI CRITCHLAW, Carman, Pinwall. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—64 months. ATHERSTONE.
5. THOMAS COOPER, Draper, 13 Britannia Street, Great Harwood. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—5 years, 2 months. BLACKBURN.
6. FRANK NEWALL, Schoolmaster, School House. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—8 years, 20 weeks. CERNE ABBAS.
7. WILLIAM CURTIS, Labourer, 272 New Road. Age, 44 years. Subscriber—5 years, 3 weeks. CHATHAM.
8. HENRY LAMPARD, Postman, Bentley Green. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—4 years, 2 months. FARNHAM.
9. EDWARD WORRALL, Machinist, 70, Elizabeth Street. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—5 years, 3 months. HANLEY.
10. ALBERT E. SMITH, Booking Clerk, Booking Office, G.E.R. Station. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—5 years. KELVEDON.
11. JOHN WILLIAM HEWITSON, Commercial Traveller, 2 Woodlea. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. KENDAL.
12. BETSY SHERRIN, 113 Dover Road. Age, 51 years. Subscriber—5 years. NORTHFLEET.
13. FRANK ARCHER, Vocalist and Author, 6 Rye Hill Cottages, Kirkcubright Street. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. NOTTINGHAM.
14. CHARLES SAVAGE, Publican, "The New Inn," Eynsham. Age, 45 years. Subscriber—5 years. OXFORD.
15. E. CHEF, Cook, 38 St. Nicholas Street. Age, 38. Subscriber—since No. 1. SCARBORO'.
16. GEO. STEVENS, Railway Signaller, Tinsbury Terrace. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—since the start. STEVENTON.
17. CHARLES OSMOND, Hydraulic Fitter, 3 Singleton Street. Age, 41 years. Subscriber—280 weeks. SWANSEA.
18. ALEXANDER HAWKES, Engineer's Apprentice, 3 Markhouse Avenue. Age, 19 years. Subscriber since Christmas, 1885. WALTHAMSTOW.
19. JOSEPH HORACE GROVE, Clerk, 23 Messenger Lane. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—From No. 1. WEST BROMWICH.
20. HENRY ORTON, Corporal, M.S.C., Medical Staff Corps, Station Hospital. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—since January, 1885. YORK.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS.

NO. 52.—THE FISHERMAN.

BEHIND the flats' fore little Leigh
Lives me and missus, and missus and me,
I makes no fortun', don't yer see,
Out o' river, channel, or deep blue sea.

My "borley" I sails from out o' the creek
To where in the channel the "Sirens," speak—
Them awful big fog-horns as blows and blows
Out in the midst of the fogs and snows.

The outbound big 'uns steam as kings
The inbound big 'uns they at things
As small as my little craft quite laughs
If they runs me down—why, anyone chaffs.

Them screws and paddles they've frightened away
The fish as we lives on day by day,
Yonder and yonder away they've gone:
The river they fear and the river they scorn.

And chaps like us if we gets a haul,
When we lugs at the warp and bring in the trawl,
Why, who makes the money? why, not us blokes.
The silver as we gets never chokes.

The swells at Billingsgate—the market cove—
He's the feller as always throve:
We, sir, as sends the stuff to town
'As never a laid by handy brown.

Remember this, when you swallows your fish,
Served to you in a silver dish,
That them who hauls up from the sea,
More oft find "death" than £ s. d.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelope. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

A CLEVER GIRL.

SHE was a very good girl. She began life at the bar of the "Blue Pig." She never went out with anyone except her father. She had in her hoydenish days been sweet upon the barber's young man up the court, but as she grew older she wearied of his oft repeated "he says" and "I says" yarns of the barber's shop and its regular customers.



At the bar of the "Blue Pig."

"Airy trifles" he facetiously named his gossipings. Still he loved her as deeply as it was possible for his shallow nature to love anything outside self, and he was much affected when Harriet told him she liked mankind all very well, she had a greater desire than that of matrimony, and that was, to distinguish herself.

You cannot distinguish yourself much by selling half pints of beer to pound a week clerks, and threepennyworths of special Scotch to commercial travellers. Even if you do cultivate quickness of repartee and studied rudeness to those you know have not the courage or the inclination to resent the rudeness, except in a jocular manner.

One distinguished "knight of the road" confided to a brother drummer that it was his intention to rob the "Blue Pig" of its principal charm, and the other promptly suggested a bet that the first commercial failed in his intention, and when the wager was settled, expressed his good opinion of himself with much glee.

Harriet was fearfully disgusted at being the subject of such conversation and betting transaction, and gave her poor old father what for when he suggested she might be civil to the customers, and flouncing out of the private snugger bar and off to her own room, where she poured out her indignation in wretched verse, which the office boy at the local newspaper office rescued from the waste-paper basket of that establishment and spouted to admiring chums.



Harriet behind the scenes.

Failing to obtain publication of her verses, and thus gaining distinction in that way, she projected a gruesome romance in three volumes and fourteen parts; but at that she did not succeed. Then she got disgusted altogether, left the "Blue Pig," and went on the stage as an "extra lady."

When, the other girls said, "Harriet, come and have a glass of port at Short's," she always refused. She would not even go to an early dinner at Richmond.

"I don't care about that sort of thing, or those sort of people," she said.

She could have married when she was on the stage—at least, one of the stage carpenters, but then they smell of size, and she was awfully particular.

"You will never make your fortune on the stage," said the manager, when in one week he knew she had refused to go to six separate outings.

Yes, she was a very good girl, but it is rather questionable whether absolute goodness always pays. She was very good, and, therefore, she never had her picture in the photograph shop windows.

"She's neither fish nor fowl," said an uncle of hers. "The girl has not got a lot of talent, but she's always pushing herself forward." So she did, for being out of an engagement, she took on the stunts and collecting business with a clever troupe of acrobats. But, although she thus attained a certain altitude in the profession, the eminence hardly pleased her. So one day she disappeared, and nothing was known of her whereabouts.

"You'll never make your fortune," said the manager.

The other day, I was reading an American paper. There was a report in it of the death of a girl. She had killed herself by diving off Brooklyn Bridge.

On looking at the name of the deceased, I saw that it was Harriet Stanners, the girl who wanted to distinguish herself.

At last she had succeeded in doing so, for once and all.



"Yes," she said, "I feel I'm a born authoress. 'Tis true I've never written anything at present to justify the idea. But as all literary women smoke, if I could only manage to get through a pipe or a cigar, I firmly believe I could knock off a three volume novel in no time."

SLOPER'S SECRET CAMERA.



No. 17.—A maid of Kent. Taken, a few days ago, by the One and Only Eminent during a ramble through the county which has rightly been called the Garden of England. Photographed by his instantaneous process.



"Your stays are so short, you know," he said, innocently, speaking of the brief visits she made. But she misunderstood him, blushed awfully, and murmured, "Spoonbill." And—well, she's Mrs. Spoonbill, now.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 100.—Miss MINNIE THURGATE.

"To win a smile from her sweet lips is untold happiness to me."

—The Dook Snook.

"Her step's as light as any fairy's."

—Lord Bob.

"More precious by far than all worldly possessions, far dearer to me than my life."

The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.



(1). When A. SLOPER received a gracious reply from Miss Phyllis Broughton, that she consented to be interviewed, "Come along, mother," said he to Mrs. S., "it'll be handy, perhaps, if I practise my steps a bit." So they practised, till Mrs. Sloper slipped. "Hurt yourself, ducky?" he asked. Anguish stifled Mrs. Sloper's reply.—(2). In due time A. SLOPER might have been seen wending his way down Oxford Street, the envy of all those who knew his mission.—(3). He was ushered into Miss Broughton's drawing room. A light step. "Oh, the clang of the wooden shoes!" hummed the old man, and the lady entered. With a sweet smile she bade him welcome. In the course of conversation A. SLOPER remarked, in an off-hand way—for the old 'un is not conceited—that he had been looking up his dancing lately.—(4). "Oh, have you, Mr. SLOPER? Come along; let's see what you can do!" When A. SLOPER had regained breath. "We missed you sadly at Margate, this season, Miss Broughton." "Business must be attended to, Mr. SLOPER. With you, I presume, your time is your own." A. SLOPER, taking the hint ('twas publishing day, too),—(5). And, being generously allowed to kiss the prettiest hand on the London stage, departed.

THERE ARE CORDS.



1. McNab was leaving the kirk' last Sabbath morn, in all the consciousness of virtue and rectitude, and of a Sabbath well spent,

2. When a cord, stretched by an unseen hand, caused the Elder to plough his native soil.

3. "Ye carnisverous reptile, aw saw ye at it, an' ye tried to escape me."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

And how is everybody now, eh? Quite well, I hope, or, at least, well enough to enjoy the above interesting picture. Onward.—Both cubs and foxes, so I hear, Are very scarce in Notts. this year:—A vulgar or a sensual mind, Will wrong in nearly all things find:—You may get drunk the lawyers say, But not upon the King's highway:—The waiters of the present day Are badly treated, so they say:—Said he, "A gust of wind it came, And into me it blew the rum:—The people of this hardware town, Will have a Bishop of their own:—Prince Bismarck thinks John Bull will cease To fight, and stay at home in peace.—What is your private opinion of the Paul Pry McDougall? Doesn't your mind revolt from such caunting hypocrisy as he displays? My centre illustration, too, depicts the long suffering "Robert," whose complaint is that establishments in London kept by foreigners are closed against him, and other grievances, sympathized with by—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



She. Well, you know I can't trust you any more; you have broken your promise.
He. Oh! never mind. I can make another just as good!



COMMENCEMENT OF THE DANCING SEASON.
Mr. Slender goes to take a few lessons.

WHAT THEY WEAR NOWADAYS.



Visitor. Excuse my saying so, Nell, but that's rather a loud pattern of shirt you're wearing.
Nell. Well, it is rather; but you see, brother Charles being away for a time, he's given me permission to wear all the linen he left behind him. Very good fit, isn't it?



Head of School Demonstrators. We ain't a-goin' to learn any more; we're on strike!
[Shortly afterwards, the schoolmaster was "on strike," too—with his cane! and the boys came in to a man!



THE FOX HUNTING SEASON HAS COMMENCED.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE PUBLIC BENEFACTOR ON REVENUES!



THE Revenue Returns for the quarter just ended were by no means unsatisfactory to A. SLOPER'S mind. During what might truly be called a somewhat up-and-downish career the Eminent has picked up a good deal of information in the matter of Revenues. In the experience of the F. O. M., Revenues vary. Some years the welkin has been rung continuously from January to December at Mildew Court, so successfully have financial matters been managed. From now until February of next year, however, the Public Benefactor will be pinched, so to speak, as far as £ s. d. is concerned. Only the other day, when a gentleman kindly called for the rent, ALLY met him on the doorstep, and explained that it was impossible to part, and when the man asked for an explanation, what did ALLY say. Well, merely, Commencing with the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for August 3rd, 1889, cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-SLOPER'S" from each week's paper, and keep the cuttings by you until January 25th, 1890, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then post the twenty-six cuttings, with your name and address, to "Sloper's £500 Competition," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C., and look in an early Number for the name and address of the lucky winner of the £500. Don't post any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing August 3rd, 1889, and ending January 25th, 1890. In case you lose any of your cuttings, back numbers are kept in stock, which may be had through any newsagent or railway stall, price one penny, or, post-free, three halfpence, direct from "The Sloperies."

A MUTUAL ADVANTAGE.

The circulation of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is now considerably over three hundred and forty thousand copies weekly, and if, by January 25th, 1890, it should reach four hundred thousand copies, in addition to the £500 above mentioned, £1,000 will be given, in Twenty Consolation Prizes of £50 each, to twenty unsuccessful Competitors in the £500 Competition. You say you never pay your rent until you are summoned by the landlord. But come, now, would you not sleep better at nights if you won the £500 and paid him regularly each quarter day?

THROUGH inadvertently kissing a pretty customer, a tradesman at Sydney, George Winch by name, has come into a large fortune. The girl objected to the attention, and had the offender hauled up before the beaks, who fined him. All the local newspapers improved the occasion by preaching several leading articles on human wickedness in general and depravity of the tradesman aforesaid in particular. He woke next morning and found himself famous, and it was then discovered, owing to the publicity given to his name, that he was a missing heir. The man who cannot see the moral this story conveys ought to be debarré from female society for ever.

AN extraordinary mishap occurred to a Dublin bricklayer recently. Whilst yawning, he stretched his mouth to such an extent that he was unable to close it again. The doctor to whom he applied discovered that the lower jaw was dislocated, but fortunately he was able to slip it back into the socket. ALLY has never been distinguished for the assiduity with which he attends Divine worship, and ever since he heard of this occurrence he has funké it altogether, for very obvious reasons. We all know that when one person gapes nearly everybody around follows his example, and a prosy preacher might easily work havoc among his congregation by sending half of them home suffering from dislocation of the jaw.

SURREPTITIOUS gambling is so largely carried on in Chicago city, that a number of prominent women of the place have formed an association, and intend to employ a lawyer to prosecute the gamblers under the State law.

WHEN the "Nelly Farren-Fred Leslie" Gaiety Company, as we may call it, returned from their lengthened tour abroad, no one, or at least, hardly anyone, doubted for an instant that the piece in which they made their reappearance upon the London boards would be a success, and in this supposition everyone was right, for the burlesque entitled "Ruy Blas, or the Blasé Roué" is a success, a huge, overwhelming one, and night after night the entrances to the cheaper parts of the house are besieged by an eager crowd, anxious to obtain as prominent a seat as possible, from which to welcome back their old favourites. As in most burlesques, the original story serves merely as the hook upon which Fred Leslie, Nellie Farren, Charles Danby, Ben Nathan, and Fred Storey hang the tempting



bait of any amount of comic business, songs, dances, &c. Marion Hood—as charming as ever—delights the audience with several charming songs, an example followed by Sylvia Grey and Letty Lind with respect to three or four graceful dances. The scenery, too, is beautiful, comprising some of the most charming stage pictures ever seen on the boards of this veritable home of burlesque.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

THE subject of "Women and Tobacco" has been fully ventilated in the columns of the D. T., and, from some of the letters it would really appear as if the time was not far distant when smoking will become general among the fair sex, and the sight of some dainty charmer "lighting up" in the street a matter of everyday occurrence. Railway smoking carriages, too, will be invaded by the women; tobaccoists' windows will display dainty paraphernalia for female smokers; and a spittoon will become a necessary article of furniture in every boudoir. Our children, instead of spending their pocket money on sweetmeats as hitherto, will indulge their taste for tobacco; afternoon tea will become a past institution; and "come in and smoke a pipe with me," will be an invitation frequently extended by one lady to another; whilst "can you oblige me with a light, madam?" will become a remark addressed every hour of the day to ladies when a fellow smoker, male or female, finds himself minus the wherewithal to ignite the fragrant weed.

A MOST unfortunate contretemps occurred at a well known West-End church a few evenings ago. The incumbent was away for his holiday, and two clergymen were dividing his duties between them. Through some misunderstanding neither appeared to conduct the service. For a short time the organist managed to fill up the blank, and the congregation sang hymns; but music alone had not sufficient charms to soothe the, by this time, savage congregation, and they dwindled away by twos and threes, until the organist alone remained.

THE new lock which is in course of construction at Windsor will be the finest on the Thames. It will be 135 feet long and more than 18 feet wide, and will never contain less than 6 feet of water at the lowest summer level.

MARY COLLETTE, own daughter of her aged parent and ALLY'S pal, Charlie Collette, F.O.S., has been playing Nellie, in "The Colonel," with great success, at Colchester. The Colonel was also one of Charlie's greatest successes.

THERE is no truth in the report that the McDougall, the gentleman who has made such a blatant idiot of himself as a member of the recent Licensing Committee, and whose idea of propriety appears to be that ballet girls skirts should on no account reach anywhere above her ankles, is in any way related to the Elder McNab. The McDougall may have originated in the Land o' Cakes, but he must have kept away from the haunts of the Elder McNab, who would certainly have heard of the McDougall creature's funny ideas on things in general, and quietly but firmly have exterminated him. What a pity for some of us the two never met on a narrow mountain pass, for instance! Beware, McDougall, ere it is too late! The fiery eye of McNab is on thee, and Bill Higgins, too, is sharpening up his knives!

A. SLOPER is most anxious to point out to his friends and enemies that "Hood's Comic Annual for 1890," price One Shilling, is just out, and that it contains humorous stories in prose and verse, by George R. Sims, G. Manville Fenn, J. F. Sullivan, Godfrey Turner, W. F. Goldberg, C. Graves, Charles S. Cheltenham, A. T. Park, Charles J. Dunphie, H. T. Johnson, J. W. Houghton, Paul Merritt, Richard Henry, and many, many others. The illustrations are by Gordon Thomson (the ever-green, the ever-gay "Gordie"), J. Bernard Partridge, Frederick Barnard, Hal Ludlow, M. Greiffenhagen, Matt Stretch, Ernest Grisct, Alfred Gray, H. P. Dollman, Geo. Gatcombe, Warwick Reynolds, H. Tuck and G. G. Fraser. The Eminent doesn't wish to be misunderstood. He has had nothing whatever to do with the actual production of this Annual; he only wishes he had. His interest in it arises mainly from the fact that all the gentlemen above named have many a time and oft quaffed freely, some of them too freely (especially "The Shifter"), from the family bottle, and that in no small degree does he attribute the clever drawings and stories contained in this best of Annuals to his unsweetened influence.

THE military canteen systems have been abolished, and now coffee shops, refreshment rooms, and liquor bars have been substituted. A most determined effort is being made to prevent Tommy Atkins from converting the bar into a lounging room.

As it has now become a recognized custom for ladies to accompany sportsmen to the moors either to witness the sport, or to enjoy the walking exercise and share in the *al fresco* luncheon, it has been deemed necessary to modify their costumes in accordance with the exigencies of the situation. Long skirts, of course, have to be discarded; pleats and frillings and ruffles are worse than useless on a moor where every unruly twig of heather causes damage and delay. Mantles or cloaks of a bright colour are about as unwelcome to the sportsman as can well be conceived, as they flutter in the wind and are terribly conspicuous, and serve no other purpose so much as scaring the birds. The accompanying sketch is the Eminent's idea of an attractive and useful costume, and he commends it to the notice of the fair sex in general and ladies' tailors in particular.

MAY OSTLER, F.O.S., has left off being very ill, thank you, and has come back quite well, if you please, to her "little place down in Kent." May said she was "real glad, and no flies," to see ALLY last Sunday afternoon.

SOCIETY will not be robbed of its gossip. Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, has remarried his divorced wife. The ceremony took place at Wiesbaden. Curiously enough, although divorced, the Count and the lady were on the best of terms possible, and always exchanged visits twice or thrice a week.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 26TH, 1889.

20th October, 1792.—Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) was born this day, at Glasgow. One day, after mess, he asked a chaplain to one of the regiments in India for a toast. The reverend gentleman, after considering for some time, at length exclaimed, with great simplicity, "Alas! and alack-a-day! What can I give?" "Nothing better," replied his lordship. "Come, gentlemen, we'll give a bumper to the parson's toast. 'A lass and a lac a day.'" A lac means a hundred thousand rupees.

20th October, 1777.—Samuel Foote, the actor, died this day, at Dover, on his way to France. Foote's favourite coffee-house was the "Bedford," in Covent Garden. One night, Garrick and Foote were about to leave the "Bedford" together, when the latter, in paying the bill, dropped a guinea; and, not finding it at once, said, "Where on earth can it be gone to?" "Gone to the devil, I think," replied Garrick, who had assisted in the search. "Well said, David," was Foote's reply; "let you alone for making a guinea go further than anybody else."

21st October, 1818.—Early in the October of this year (1818), a robin was seen to hover and alight constantly near the *Trafalgar*, a new ship of 100 guns, building in the dockyard at Chatham, to commemorate Lord Nelson's glorious victory. Curiosity was excited by the frequency of the bird's visits, when it was discovered that she had built a nest in the ship, and had nearly completed her labours. The motions of the bird were purposely observed, and on the morning of this day, the anniversary of the victory, she laid her first egg, and subsequently five others.

21st October, 1441.—Margery Jourdain, the witch of Eye, was this day condemned to be burnt for furnishing *love-potions* to Eleanor Cobham, wife of the Duke of Gloucester.

22nd October, 1560.—Guillaume Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who assisted at the council of Trent, and built the College of Jesuits at Paris, had the finest beard that ever was seen. It was too fine a beard for a bishop, and the canons of his cathedral, in full chapter assembled, came to the barbarous resolution of shaving him. Accordingly, when next he came to the choir, the dean, the provost, and the *chantre* approached with scissors and razors, soap, basin, and warm water. He took to his heels at the sight, and escaped to his Castle of Beauregard, about two leagues from Clermont, where he fell sick from vexation, and died on the above date, aged fifty-three.

22nd October, 1822.—The *New Daily Advertiser* of this date contains this satirical allusion to the filthy condition of the leading streets in this "Athens of the United States":—"Any person in want of a DEAD PIG may find one that will probably answer his purpose in the middle of Broadway, between Broome and Spring Streets. Applicants need not be in any great haste, as it is expected that he will lie there for several days."

23rd October, 1789.—On this day, Jacobms, of Birmingham, "a strong rough, with an Englishman's heidrom unyielding pluck," fought big Ben Brain, at Banbury, on a twenty-four feet square stage. Ben, for a time, fought on the retreat, shifting often to avoid a blow, and frequently going down, to the disgust of the Warwickshire men. At length, however, he stood to his adversary, and showed what he was capable of performing, by putting in a tremendous floorer. First-rate courage was then displayed on both sides; but after "a most dreadful battle," of one hour and twenty-six minutes, the brave Jacobms was conquered.

23rd October, 1885.—This day, a well authenticated case of a donkey which had lived 106 years in the family of Mr. Ross, of Cromarty, was reported. Neddy was hale and hearty up to his death, which was caused by a kick from a horse.

23rd October, 1666.—William Lilly, the astrologer, was examined this day before a committee of the House of Commons, respecting the causes of the Fire of London, which he had predicted in hieroglyphic.

24th October, 1536.—Jane Seymour, wife of Henry VIII., died on this day. The following is a modern transcript of a love-letter of Henry VIII. to Jane Seymour:—"MY DEAR FRIEND AND MISTRESS.—The bearer of these few lines, from thy entirely devoted servant, will deliver into thy fair hands a token of my true affection for thee, hoping you will keep it for ever in your sincere love for me. Advertising you that there is a ballad made lately of great derision against us, which, if it go much abroad, and is seen by you, I pray you to pay no manner of regard to it. I am not at present informed who is the setter forth of this malignant writing, but if he is found out, he shall be straitly punished for it. For the things ye lacked I have minded my lord to supply them to you as soon as he can buy them. Thus hoping shortly to receive you in these arms, I end, for the present, your own loving servant and sovereign, H. R."

24th October, 1888.—An exhibition of Armada relics was opened at Drury Lane Theatre this day by Mr. Augustus Harris.

25th October, 1859.—The *Royal Charter*, screw steamer, was wrecked on this and the following night, off Moelfra, on the Anglesea coast, with the loss of 446 lives. She left Australia with £350,000 in her. Of this sum, says Charles Dickens, in his chapter on this dreadful shipwreck, in the "Uncommercial Traveller," £300,000 worth were recovered at the time of the novelist's visit to the spot where she had been driven ashore. "The great bulk of the remainder," he writes, "was surely and steadily coming up. Some loss of sovereigns there would be, of course; indeed, at first sovereigns had drifted in with the sand, and been scattered far and wide over the beach like sea shells, but most other golden treasure would be found. So tremendous had the force of the sea been when it broke the ship, that it had beaten one great ingot of gold deep into a strong and heavy piece of her solid ironwork, in which also several loose sovereigns, that the ingot had swept in before it, had been found as firmly imbedded as though the iron had been liquid when they had been forced there."

26th October, 1831.—On this day cholera first appeared in England at Sunderland. Birds are said to fly from cholera. At the Mauritius, when the malady appeared at Port Louis, the minor—or, as the people call it, martin—quitted the town until after it had ceased. So also the jackdaws and sparrows left Malmö, in Sweden, on the appearance of cholera in 1834. In 1846, at the town of Kurrachee, in Scinde, during a severe visitation of cholera, it was particularly remarked that the vultures, kites, and other birds of prey entirely disappeared almost simultaneously with the outbreak, returning gradually after the virulence of the disease began to abate.

26th October, 1882.—The statue of Carlyle, erected on the Chelsea Embankment, nearly opposite Great Cheyne Row, where Carlyle lived for so many years, was this day unveiled by Professor Tyndall.

26th October, 1880.—The Assembly Rooms, at Margate, were this night burnt down. Here the "Macaroni Doctor," afterwards called the "Unfortunate Doctor Dodd," about 1760, '61, and '62 was one of the shining lights, beloved by all the fashionable lady visitors.

ALLY SLOPER'S FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

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NOT A CHEST-NUT.

[According to a published report, if you want to expand your chest, you have "only to say so," i.e., to join the Polytechnic Physical Society.]



Before

After

If you'd be so, say so.
So hurry, please, and pay your fees
And try this club's realities—
Come, join this band, and you'll expand
With Polytechnicities!

O, YE pigeon-breasted, narrow-chested,
Unathletic, and ascetic
Folk who "fall away" so,
If you've a liking for a striking
Finer figure—chest much bigger—
You have but to "say so."
Which means, perforce, just
take a course
Of P.P.S. formalities;
And there, with zest, expand
you chest
With Polytechnicities.

Narrow chested folks who've
tested
P.P. tussles found their
muscles
Growing day by day, so
That their mothers (also
others)
Wouldn't know 'em (here we
show 'em),

GOOD GRACIOUS!

"You are not a married man, O'Flaherty, are you?" "Not Oi, sure," replied the Milesian; "O'm a bachelor, thank the pigs, loike me father was before me, and me grandfather before him."

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," October 19th, 1889.

Name

Address

Want *

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

142nd WEEK.

RESULT OF OCTOBER 5th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. CHARLOTTE BUTTER, 64 Gordon Street, GOOLE (Yorks.).

A SEWING MACHINE.

2. G. E. DEVEY, 13 Smith Street, MIDDLESBOROUGH.

A BOX OF COMPASSES.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are inclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



MYRTLE (Aged 18).

ANNIE would like to meet with a steady, respectable mechanic, whose intentions are strictly honourable. Annie is 23 years of age, of medium height, dark complexion and domesticated. Please address, in strict confidence—"ANNIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

SIDNEY AND PERCY, both 22, in good City positions, and with fair prospects, would be happy to meet with two young ladies not over 21, of affectionate and faithful dispositions, with a view to future matrimony. Sidney is fair, Percy dark, and both are musical. Address, with photographs, in strict confidence—"SIDNEY" or "PERCY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

FLO, a bright, witty, brunette, aged 21, of medium height, affectionate disposition and fond of home, would like to correspond with a tall, dark gentleman of means, and about the same age, with a view to an early marriage. Photos exchanged. Address—"FLO," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WOULD any pretty and attractive young lady care to correspond with a gentleman, aged 24, tall, well-educated, musical, and not exactly evil-looking? In all confidence, please write (with photo, if possible) to—"FRANK," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO FRIENDS, MARIE and DOLLY, wish to correspond with two dark gentlemen, not over 30 years of age. Those on the stage not objected to. Marie, aged 19, is tall, dark, and stylish-looking. Dolly, aged 18, has golden hair, and is considered very pretty. Both have private incomes, are musical, and fond of dancing. Please address, in the strictest confidence—"MARIE" or "DOLLY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

"It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his "AWARD OF MERIT." A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE,
September 21st, 1889.

DEAR ALLY.—I was surprised and delighted to find my name amongst your favoured friends in this week's issue. It is gratifying to think that my simple endeavours to please the public should have attracted so great a personage as your Eminence. I shall always highly prize your "Award of Merit." Thanking you very much, with every good wish, believe me,

Yours sincerely, MINNIE THURGATE, F.O.S.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
October 1st, 1889.

My dear ALLY SLOPER,—
I'd long been a hoper
Your "Award" would come unto me.
At last as a moper,
And likewise a toper,
And grumpy I got as could be.
But lo! yesternight,
To my great delight,
A something, in brown paper wrapped,
Was handed to me;
I quivered with glee
When upon it my fingers were clapped.
The coveted prize
Greeted my eyes!
I chortled with joy, you may guess.
My thanks, then, are due,
Dear ALLY, to you—
You've made me a real F.O.S.!
'Twill always give pleasure
For ever to treasure
(This is without any bosh)
The Sloper Diploma,
Wherever may roam a
Poor mummer called

WILL MACINTOSH.

LYRIC THEATRE, October 4th, 1889.

DEAR MR. SLOPER,—Many thanks for sending me your "Award of Merit." I fully appreciate the compliment and the wit of the pun on my name. Yours faithfully, HETTIS LUND, F.O.S.

CORN EXCHANGE, HORNCASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE,
October 6th, 1889.

MY DEAR ALLY,—I received your "Award of Merit" on arrival here, having been sent on from Yarmouth Aquarium. I am very pleased with it, and have exhibited it in a conspicuous place near to the late establishment of your old lamented friend and companion of your youth, Wm. Marwood, Esq., who like yourself was very partial to a "Drop." It is said his ghost was seen hovering around the "Award" last night, muttering, "He'd be hanged if it wasn't the best thing he'd seen in Horncastle for years.

Yours very truly,
ALEXANDER FAY, F.O.S.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his
AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:—

T. C. EASTON, Because of his swimming feat in the Seine.	TOM JEFF, Because he's a musical Eminent.
Miss FINNEY, Because she's the Lady Good Diver.	BLANCHE MASSEY, Because she is a pet.
JOHN FOX, Because he's the Champion Boy walker of the world.	FRED. STOREY, Because of his legs.
KATE HARVEY, Because she has the finest figure on the Music Hall stage.	F. TRILLO, Because he's the Royal Mimic.
JOHN HUE, Because he is violin tutor to ALLY.	ROBERT HEDGER-WALLACE, Because he is making agriculture popular.
EDWARD K. HUNTLEY, Because "he plays on the old banjo."	HARRISON WEIR, Because he is a good naturalist, a good man, and a good judge, too.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane,
October 19th, 1889. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER SILVER MEDAL FOR VALOUR."

LETTER FROM GEORGE BEESON.

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT,
CAMBORNE STATION,
October 4th, 1889.

DEAR ALLY,—I beg to thank you for your kindness in presenting me with your "Medal for Valour," which I received first post this morning. I was surprised to have such a gift, which I am very proud of. I shall ever hold it as a token of esteem and generosity from so good a friend as you have proved yourself. Dear ALLY, however much I try, I cannot thank you enough for your goodness to me. With best wishes, I beg to remain, yours very faithfully,

GEORGE BEESON.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" have been
presented to

LAWRENCE BRYER EASTWOOD, 87 Offord Road, Barnsbury,
London, N.,

for the Best 20 Words (printed hereunder) of

ADVICE TO MR. MONRO,

as to how he should instruct the Police in Whitechapel.

IN secret go
To seek the foe;
Newspapers know
Too much, I trow,
To "Jack," you show
Your hand, Monro!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THEY've taken to calling the Sloper mansion the Inventories, now, as there's been such a lot of the man in possession about the show lately.

WHAT is the difference between a Welsh air and a Welsh rabbit? "THERE'S a good use for everything," as Jones said when he sat down on his mother-in-law's coffin to count the times she had rowed him for being out late.

"LOVE me, love my dog," as the porkbutcher said to his pork-pie maker, when he wouldn't take less for his departed terrier—muzzle thrown in into the bargain.

A RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

I SHUT down the cover and locked it immediately, while Isabelle, gliding quickly away before I could stop her, left the moonlit deck for her cabin.



Openly under his arm.

I felt I owed Mr. Hercules Potts some atonement for having suspected him of a robbery of which I now knew him to be innocent, but in the whirl of conflicting thoughts and emotions which filled my heart and brain, it was impossible to endure his society, and with curt speech, almost rude in its abruptness, I left him to a cigar and his own reflections on the deck.

At dawn the next morning long before most of the passengers were astir, the ship *Guadiana* was in Queenstown Harbour.

Early as I awoke, Mr. Potts was before me, for I was alone in the cabin.

My first act was to look for the precious dispatch-box.

It was gone!
I could hardly believe my eyes, and I hurriedly turned over my luggage in the cabin in the hope that I had been mistaken in the place where I believed I had carefully and safely bestowed it the night before; but in a few moments it dawned upon me that I had been robbed again, and that this time undoubtedly the Chicago commission merchant was the thief.

Not waiting even to complete my toilet, I rushed on deck, where all was bustle and confusion, consequent on the arrival of the tug alongside.

There, close to the gangway, stood Potts, evidently intending to go at once ashore, with my dispatch-box carried openly under his arm.

"You infernal robber!" I cried, seizing him by the coat-collar; "give me my box."
"Oh, that's it, is it?" said he, coolly, and excited as I was I noticed all trace of his American accent had disappeared. "We'll soon settle that. Here, Jem, here's your man."

In an instant two powerful fellows held me on either side, and a pair of handcuffs were slipped over my wrists, while, to my shame, I saw, facing me, the melancholy, reproachful face of old Mr. Mammon, and behind him the somewhat jubilant countenance of his junior partner.

"With what crime am I charged?" I cried, indignantly.
"Absconding with the money and papers of your employers," answered the *soi-disant* Potts, curtly.
Then, touching his hat respectfully to Mr. Grubb, he said—
"I've done the trick to rights, sir, this time. After you gave me the job I went straight down to Gritsworth, and from the moment he turned up at the inn there, till now I've never lost sight of him. But there's another one in it. We've got to nail the ladybird yet. There's always a woman at the bottom of these things."

"Then," said I, "you are—"

"I am Kershaw, the detective, late Hercules S. Potts, General Commission Agent, Chicago, and I don't think it's a bad business, for I've not only nabbed you, but I've got the property back. Ah, Mr. Grubb, that was a good notion of mine telegraphing you to send a message by cable to recall this young man. If we'd had to stop humbugging about with that Extradition Treaty, no doubt he'd have got clear off."

I now understood how matters were; and, begging a few minutes' private conversation with Mr. Mammon, I told him the whole story, as I have now written it.

Without a word he went in search of Isabelle.

What rightly passed at that interview I with tears when never knew, but the old man's cheeks were wet with tears when he rejoined us on deck.



Reproachful and jubilant.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 101.—MR. FRED LESLIE, F.O.S.

"To begin with, Fred Leslie is of Scotch and Irish extraction, his father being a distant relation of the McNab, whilst his maternal parent is a daughter of the Emerald Isle. Curiously enough, this difference of nationality in his parents caused Freddy to be marked upon one breast with a shamrock and upon the other with a thistle, which, of course, enables him to tell which side of him is Scotch and which is Irish; and as he is a firm believer that you should 'stick to the whisky you're used to,' he always guzzles Scotch cold down the thistle side and Irish hot down the shamrock one. His powers of imitation are marvellous, and a well known actor-manager recently agreed to pay Leslie an enormous sum if he would burlesque him in *Ruy Blas*; but, failing in his instalments, it is hardly to be wondered at that Freddy cut up very rough indeed, and we now get 'not too much Ir*ng, but quite Ir*ng enough.' As a quick change artiste, Leslie would have made a fortune in a month, for the variety of costumes in which he always appears during an evening is simply marvellous. But perhaps it is as well he doesn't perform at a music hall, or the McDougall would perhaps fancy Leslie showed too much of his ankles when he appears in kilt on his Scotch side, and oppose the license. It is believed that Freddy will shortly quit the London stage, and sojourn upon the plains of the New York Casino. We hope not, but, if he does leave us, he will indeed, though lost to sight, be to our memories ever dear. Chiefly because he's the High Priest of Burlesque's Sacred Lamp, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, January 16th, 1886."—*Debrett improved.*



A NAP HAND.

How so? Why, don't you see that she holds the ace, knave, ten, and eight of hearts; and as she herself is a Queen of the same suit, it would be hard lines indeed if she "went down."



HISTORICAL.

Sir Normande Sloper repelling an attack made upon the Family Castle, upon the site of which Mildew Court now stands.



THE BOGIE.

Unkind conduct on the part of the pest of the village, who nearly frightens the son of the richest farmer in the county into the middle of the next century by the ingenious manner in which he concocts a ghost out of one of the farmer's turnips.

SHE HADN'T HAD THE COMPLAINT



District Visitor. You mustn't deny yourself plenty of good nourishing food, as the vicar tells me you don't suffer from impecuniosity.

Ancient Cottager. No, indeed, dearie, I don't. I've had the mumps and the measles, bronchitis, gout, and rheumatiz, and my liver's always powerful bad; but, thank the Lord, I've never had a touch of the other disease!

District Visitor. I mean you can afford—
Ancient Cottager. Indeed, dearie, I can't afford to have no 'cuniosity or anything else at my age, speshully arter 'aving lumbager and all them other diseases I told you on!

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ARTIFICE.



(1). "Whisht, is it? And why wud Oi whisht?" said Dennis McCarthy, as he tacked towards his homestead on the night of Donovan's soiree. "Is it the wolfe yer think Oi'm afraid av? Begor! Oi'll be after givin' her a taste av the blackthorn, me bboy!"—(2). "But shure, Micky, Oi'll be after troyin' a bit av a shtratagem on her first wid the mop stick, to see what kind av a timper she's in!"—(3). "Och, thin, ma bouchal! hark to the cratur. Bedad, she thinks it's meself, and it's just delighted she is to see me! Shure it's a warm reception she's after givin' me!"—(4). But it wasn't Mrs. McCarthy, after all.—(5). "Be jabbers! Micky, Oi don't loike the looks av it at all, at all. Oi'd better be after slapin' on the doorstep!"—(6). But when Mrs. McCarthy, who had been to her mother's all night, found him there in the morning, she made him believe he would have been safer inside, after all.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.



Maud. Why, whatever, have you been doing with your bathing dress, Sophie?
Sophie. Oh! it's getting so cold in the water now, I thought I'd trim it with fur. How do you think it looks!

A YOUTHFUL AVENGER.



Hunting Josses. Leggo my rein, will ye, ye young scaramouch!
Farmer's Boy. Not much. You're the joker wot feyther's goin' to duck in th' horsepond for ridin' over our flock o' shup!